Enter the Queene.

Qu. Oh who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my fortune, and torment my ſelfe?
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my ſoule,
And to my ſelfe become an enemie.

Dut. What meanes this ſceane of rude impatience?

Qu. To make an act of tragicke violence.
Edward, my Lord, your ſonne, our king is dead.
Why grow the branches, now the roote is withred?
Why wither not the leaues, the ſap being gone?
If you will liue, lament: if die, be briefe:
That our ſwift winged ſoules may catch the kings,
Or like obedient ſubiects follow him
To his new kingdome of perpetuall reſt.

Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue *I* in thy ſorrow,
As *I* had title in thy noble husband:
I haue bewept a worthy husbands death,
And liu'd by looking on his images.
But now two mirrors of his princely ſemblance,
Are crackt in peeces by malignant death:
And *I* for comfort haue but one falſe glaſſe,
Which grieues me when *I* ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy children left thee,
But death hath ſnatcht my children from mine armes,
And pluckt two crutches from my feeble limmes,
Edward and Clarence, Oh what cauſe haue *I*
Then, being but moitie of my griefe,
To ouergo thy plaints and drowne thy cries?

Boy. Good Aunt, you wept not for our fathers death,
How can we aide you with our kindreds teares?

Gerl. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoand,
Your widowes dolours likewiſe be vnwept,

Qu. Giue me no helpe in lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth laments,
All ſprings reduce their currents to mine eies,
That *I* being gouernd by the watry moane,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the world.
Oh for my husband, for my heire Lo, Edward,

Ambo. Oh for our father, for o
Dut. Alas for both, both mine
Qu. *What* ſtaie had *I* but Edwa
Am. *What* ſtaie had we but Cla
Dut. What ſtaies had *I* but the
Qu. *Was* euer widow, had ſo
Am. *Was* euer Orphanes had a
Dut. *Was* euer mother had a de
Alas, *I* am the mother of theſe mo
Their woes are parceld, mine are g
She for Edward weepes, and ſo do
I for a Clarence weepe, ſo doth no
Theſe babes for Clarence weepe,
I for an Edward, and ſo do they.
Alas, you three on me threefold d
Powre all your teares, *I* am your
And *I* will pamper it with lament
Gl. Madam haue comfort, all of
To waile the dimming of our ſhi
But none can cure their harmes by
Madame my mother, *I* do cry you
I did not ſee your grace, humbly
I craue your bleſſing.

Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put
Loue, charitie, obedience, and true

Glo. Amen, and make me die a
Thats the but end of my mother
I maruell why her grace did leaue

Buck. You cloudy princes, and
That beare this mutuall heauie lo
Now cheare each other, in each ot
Though we haue ſpent our harue
We are to reape the harueſt of his
The broken rancour of your high
But lately ſplinted, knit, and ioyn
Muſt greatly be preſeru'd, cheriſh
Me ſeemeth good that with ſome
Forthwith from Ludlow the yon
Hither to London, to be crownd

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